

strange how my heart found you (when I least expected it) by greenarrow12123

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Jonathan Byers, Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Five was a weapon. She killed, stole, and spied for Brenner for years. Until she escaped. But not before breaking the youngest and lastest experiment, Eleven, out of the lab. Who knew their escape would lead them to the first family's they had ever known? Who knew it would lead her to Jonathan? But with Brenner on her tail, can she keep them safe? Can she keep Eleven safe? Can she stop being the monster she believes herself to be? She can't seem to escape her past no matter how hard she tries.

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Author's Note:

IM BACK! I'll be updating my others stories soon I have multiple chapters in the process rn and expect one up tomorrow (Darcy x Bucky). Anyways I watched Stranger Things for the first time and fell in love soooo expect much of Jonathan and Steve and I just had to write this because it wouldn't get out of my head....Alright so for the sake of this story I'm aging up Jonathan to his early 20's so when Will went missing he had already graduated from community college that previous May and was working to save up money to get his Bachelor's but he dropped out of work to focus on Will and all that drama soooo yeah he's like 22 and the original character is also around 21.... anyways hope you enjoy!!!!

Prologue: (last episode of season 1)

"Fi!"

Five swung around, her eyes meeting Jonathan's as he rounded the corner of the hallway. She offered him a weak smile and he took a step towards her, his eyes lighting up in hope, but she shook her head and took a slight step back. Jonathan's brows furrowed in confusion before he glanced down the hall past Five. She could see the moment he realized what was about to happen, his eyes grew wide and he began running. But he was too far away.

Five turned back around, trying to ignore Jonathan's heavy footsteps behind her. She knew what she had to do. Taking a shaky breath, she squared her shoulders and started down the hall, her body moving almost mechanically.

"No!" Jonathan's gut-wrenching scream felt like a hot knife shoved into her core. And against her will, she threw one last look at him and watched

as Hopper appeared. He quickly catching up to Jonathan and yanked him back. Jonathan fought against Hopper's tight grasp, pulling desperately at the arms wrapped firmly around his chest. The two men slammed to the ground, Jonathan's eyes never wavering from Five's. Her heart sunk, and for the last time, she forcibly pried her eyes away from his, knowing that she would never see him again.

Five's feet continued to walk forward even though every bone in her body was screaming to turn back. And when she reached the end of the hall, she lifted her head, her eyes meeting papa's cold ones. His mouth was curled into a vicious smirk and he held out his ghost white hand to her. Her last thought was of Jonathan's eyes before everything went dark.



Chapter 1: (last episode of season 2)

The demo-dog's screams grew closer and everybody took their positions facing the front of the house. Jonathan's hands shook and he stepped in closer to his mother, placing his body slightly in front of hers. The house shook as one of the creatures slammed into the porch and everyone stumbled back a step.

Jonathan through a glance at the people surrounding him. His family. Their own shaking hands tense around their weapons. Ready for the fight about to befall them.

The growls were bone-chilling and Jonathan could hear them circling the house, their bodies slamming into the outer walls repeatedly. He closed his eyes remembering the last time he had fought one of the creatures. Him, Nancy, Steve. They could barely kill one. How would they take down dozens? A loud screech shot through the room, shaking Jonathan out of his memories. And then all fell silent.

Jonathan stepped forward, pushing his mother further behind him as his eyes fixed on the window.

A beat.

And then two.

Nancy took a step forward, Steve swung his bat, and just like that everything exploded. The window in front of them shattered a demo-dog flying toward them. A collective shout shot through the room and everyone circled around, aiming their weapons at the creature on the ground.

“Holy shit.” Dustin wheezed.

“Is it dead?”

Hopper walked over slowly, his footsteps hesitating as he reached the body. He nudged it with his foot and there was a collective sigh of relief when it remained motionless.

However, that relief was short-lived as the door behind them creaked. Everyone whipped around with panicked looks, their weapons settling on the door. A loud click sounded, as the lock flipped up. The chain on the door slowly slide off and everyone gripped tight to their weapons. Jonathan swallowed deeply as the door swung open.

“Eleven?”

Mike pushed through the group of people and met Eleven in the middle of the room. And while everyone’s gazes settled on the kid’s reunion, Jonathan’s gaze turned away as he caught sight of something in the doorway.

He froze, not willing to believe his eyes.

“Fi?” His voice cracked. He felt as if all the air had left his lungs. And when he tried to speak the words seemed to get caught in his throat. His mind couldn’t still be playing tricks on him, could it? For months, *months*, after Five had disappeared, he had seen her everywhere. Day after day after day until one day he had finally shut down and accepted she was never coming back.

The woman in question froze at the sound of his voice but didn’t turn to face him.

Jonathan’s heart raced, yet he remained frozen as if his body had forgotten how to move. All he felt were his fingers twitch as if they longed to reach out and touch her as if they remembered the feel of

her skin.

“Fi.”

His gaze was locked solely on the woman in front of him. She turned toward his voice, but her head remained angled down toward the ground, refusing to look up at him. She looked different. Older. More hardened. Covered in dirt and debris. But still the same.

He cleared his throat and spoke a little louder, “Five.”

Five shook her head, reaching her hands up to tangle her fingers in her hair as her face scrunched up in pain, and she took a step backward. Her movement seemed to break Jonathan out of his trance and he pushed past the people around him and stopped no more than an inch away from her.

His hand lifted up and he hesitantly reached out to touch her arm, but the second his fingertips touched her bare skin, she flinched back, her arms dropping from her head to wrap around herself for protection, and he pulled back as if she had struck him.

“I’m sorry- “

Five’s head snapped up, her eyes finally meeting Jonathan’s. His breath caught as her green eyes locked with his. But they were dark. Haunted. Looking at him, but not truly seeing him. Seemingly trapped in the memories of her past.

So much like she had been when they had first met.

He remembered the nights when she would sit motionless on his bed. Her eyes dark, her breathing shallow. It had only been a year ago, but it felt as if it had been centuries since he had last seen her.

Those nights had been excruciating. Trapped within her memories, with no way out. Jonathan would sit with her for hours. Not talking. Not touching. Barely moving. And together they worked through it as one.

Over time, the episodes had gotten fewer and farther between, until they had stopped altogether.

Jonathan's heart dropped as Five's eyes flashed, the fight within her mind visible on her face. He ran a hand down his face as his mind immediately raced to all the horrifying things she had gone through to cause this once again. Jonathan closed his eyes, willing the thoughts away, before focusing back on the woman in front of him.

"Fi? It's me. It's Jonathan. *Your Jonathan.*"

Her eyes remained locked on his and she nodded. She took a deep breath and dropped her hands down to her sides. A bit of a spark appeared in her eyes and Jonathan began to smile. But before he could speak, she let out a groan and grabbed her head, her eyes squeezing shut as if pain shot through her head. She repeatedly shook her head and Jonathan could do nothing but stand there and watch with concern.

Suddenly, Five's hand shot out and latched onto Jonathan's shirt and she flattened her hand out over his heart. Jonathan closed his eyes and slowed his breathing, listening as she began to match his rhythm. After a minute, she pulled back and Jonathan opened his eyes, his gaze roaming over her face, recognizing the features he had long ago thought he'd forgotten. And not a second later, Five opened her eyes. Her speckled green eyes looking back at him, the gentle spark, that always sparkled when she got into mischief, re-igniting as they met his.

"Jonathan?"

Jonathan's face broke out into a smile as he nodded. His hand raised again and he placed it against her face, she leaned into it as his thumb brushed across her cheek.

Her mouth quirked up into a gentle smile and without any warning she all but threw herself at him, wrapped herself around him, her arms tight around his neck, her head burying against his neck. His arms snaked around her back, gripping tight to her shirt, willing her to be real. Willing her not to be a figment of his imagination. Willing her not to vanish right before his eyes.

His nose nudged against her ear, "Where have you been? Are you okay? What did Brenner do to you?"

Five just shook her head and Jonathan just held her tighter, knowing that whatever happened they would get through it together.

Author's Note:

Soooooooo I'm not 100% sure how I'm gonna write the rest of this now but I couldn't get this story off my mind until I wrote it soooo I'm either gonna start with season one and go on from there or just continue after season 2 and do flashbacks...also I have like forty other stories going right now so updating will be sporadic at best because school is kicking my ass and I haven't written in what feels like years